The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

The London Meetings

AS FAR as the United States is concerned, nothing very new is expected to emerge from the Big Three and North Atlantic Council meetings. It is rather a confirmation of a program previously entered on. This country had already decided on means of self-defense. The wide oceans, the atom bomb stockpile, our vast productive plant are, by themselves, unequal to the task. Moreover, in view of Russian belligerence, it is not possible to count on Western Europe's being able to provide its own self-defense; the idea of a substantial third bloc of powers is a mirage. The United Nations organization has also long since been discounted as an effective instrument for preserving peace in the world. Our only hope is a military alliance.

If peace is maintained for perhaps another decade and the nations of Western Europe should prosper, then that continent would be able to play a larger part in its own defense than is possible as it is now. Likewise, in the even more distant future an effective international organization—some sort of world government—may be built up. But today the only feasible hope of warding off aggression from the East lies in the joint military, political and economic program which is taking shape in London.

The country upon which present deliberations center is inevitably Western Germany because of its necessarily key role. Occupation has to be prolonged, not because of the Germans' need for further chastening and tutelage, but because the policies of the USSR preclude a peace treaty. The granting of increasing national independence under occupation status requires great finesse. In the interval between now and September, when the occupation statute itself comes up for revision, there is much headway to be made.

The German desire for more autonomy in her foreign relations and for foreign capital to build up a number of vital industries is highly understandable. Allied restrictions on such activities as shipbuilding are naturally irksome, while the realization that the occupying powers may continue to intervene in fiscal and other domestic affairs is a constant deterrent.

It would be a mistake to have full confidence that in the event integration is achieved in Western Europe, these dissatisfactions of the Germans and the fears they still inspire in their inevitably weaker neighbors would be swept away. Yet this Atlantic Union, to which the United States is now so firmly committed, would greatly lessen such anxieties. A Germany that is divided will also constitute an international danger spot, where violence might one day break out. But if Western Germany were a full-fledged member of a strong Atlantic Union (which explicitly favors a united, democratic Germany) the dangers for all would be held in check.

AND so in this tightening military alliance, which essentially requires solid political and economic foundations, the German problem remains the most acute. The extent and disposal of a new German army is one question which the conferees cannot avoid. The German people must also be offered enough independence and economic opportunity to make cooperation with the Allies worth their while. And yet there has to be enough spontaneity in their Atlantic community sentiments to persuade their former victims to welcome them back into the European family.

All this cannot help but seem rather far from Main Street. But technics has made this distance illusory. The foreign entanglements about which Washington once warned us now serve as our only means of national self-defense.

No Whistles Blow

IT IS ALWAYS hard when you are talking about an individual and that person's activities have become identified with Catholicism some way. Then of course you have to repudiate the identification because it is important that there be a distinction, even in the popular mind, between

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• NEXT WEEK •

DONALD ATTWATER in his regular dispatch from England tells of Catholic reaction to a royal commission investigation of anti-betting and gambling legislation in Britain.

"How often do we hear jokes that a priest who is a teetotaler and does not play cards for money is probably not in good standing. There's no harm in that. But there are implications that may be disturbing. And the effect on non-Catholics is often deplorable."

the life of the Church and the activity of any individual or group of individuals. But you have to word it in such a way that it comes through that your main intent is not to repudiate the man himself.

When you say too much for or against the one involved, you fog up the issue. Those who hear you or read what you write might go away still thinking that to be a Catholic, one has to be automatically for this man or that, this political movement or that, this cause or the other. And that's what you're trying to make clear: that there are no Catholic party lines, no binding allegiances; that, strictly speaking, there are no "Catholic attitudes" toward what is ephemeral and extrinsic to the content of religious belief. Rome is not Moscow; the Pope is not Stalin.

Saint Augustine formulated it long ago: "In essentials, unity; in doubtful things, liberty; in all things, charity." But it is hard to put over, and you wouldn't wonder if the ordinary newspaper reader today thought of Catholicism as another sect or organized pressure-group, the way Jehovah's Witnesses form a sect and Americans for Democratic Action a group, rather than as the Body of Christ on earth, meant to include all men.

Catholics themselves sometimes act as if the Church were a kind of club or party, and scurry this way or that like people who have heard a whistle blowing in Rome and know that all members in good standing fall in line or else. That is what happened during the Franco business. When a man like Maritain wouldn't go along, it was said that on this point he wasn't quite Catholic, and it was actually a matter for news-items in the papers that a Catholic philosopher didn't support the Catholic General in Spain. Recently when an eastern diocesan paper criticized the McCarthy investigations, that too was a matter for special notice and wonder, like a nun praying that Southern Methodist depart victorious from South Bend. Incidentally, the free Saturday-afternoon choice of such a nun, if one could be found, might make the point more clearly than all these words.

The Augustinian distinction between what is a matter of unity and what of liberty was almost but not quite made by Senator Chavez when he let go his blast against Louis Budenz. The trouble was that Chavez said too much. At the moment he was much more interested in attacking Budenz than in attacking the idea that Catholicism is somehow intimately involved with Mr. Budenz's credibility, political methods or present reputation.

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The Senator said that Budenz has been using "his Catholic standing and the obvious public standing which this gives him in order to engage in specious and divisive attacks against the concept of freedom and the Government of the United States." He might have made it more clear that in these matters there is no such thing as a "Catholic standing." The only "Catholic standing" is that which belongs to those who deserve spiritual obedience and the power of the saints in heaven. Other Catholics, especially on political matters, are—or should be—strictly on their own.

Father McGinley, President of Fordham and Professor Budenz's superior, didn't say enough when he answered Senator Chavez. Expressing his faith in Budenz, he excoriated the Senator for his attack and said that "the Church, convinced of the sincerity of his repentance, welcomed Louis Budenz back in the fold." For the record, Father McGinley might have made it more clear that this is as far as it has gone, or will go. Mr. Budenz's political activities since his conversion in no way involve the Church.

Catholics are free to believe in Mr. Budenz, as Father McGinley does, or think him a liar, as Senator Chavez does; to look upon his testimonies as a blessing or a curse; to regard him as a patriot or as a shrewd Communist agent. In church on Sunday Budenz is just another man in the pew. On the lecture platform he is a man who claims he used to be a Communist.

There might be less confusion now if in the days right after his conversion Mr. Budenz hadn't posed for photographers from the Hearst press, kneeling piously before crucifixes and gazing thoughtfully on religious statues. But it is still not too late to make the necessary distinction between his private life as a Catholic and his public life as an ex-Communist.

Coal, Steel, and a Logjam

EVEN after two weeks the excitement about the Franco-German coal and steel union which Foreign Minister Schuman proposed has not subsided. The Communists reacted violently because they were badly hurt, but aside from that, explicit opposition has come only from those whom the Communists darkly accuse of engineering the plan. Business and financial interests don't like the idea. The *Wall Street Journal* rather plaintively said "this would have all the evils of any cartel . . . it would subject the two industries to state management with a vengeance."

That argument is not a very solid one, for the word "cartel" is incorrectly applied. Schuman does not intend to limit production and jack prices, but, in spite of the present buyers' market, to increase European steel and coal production so as to lower prices, and to standardize and improve wages and working conditions. This would stimulate both consumer buying power and light industry, improving the European market. African resources and overseas markets would be developed not in competition (competition in these matters classically having been accompanied by trade restrictions, discriminatory transportation rates, dumping, etc.) but cooperatively.

The *Journal's* second argument—the hardly unfamiliar but reasonable objection to bureaucracy—is in this situation very weak. The French proposal is the work of Jean Monnet, who has given brilliant non-bureaucratic leadership to France's economic reconstruction. The administrators of the industrial pool would be "independent personalities designated on a parity basis by the governments," and their decisions would bind the governments.

The others who have met the proposal with coldness have been the Socialists of Britain and Germany. Britain's problem apparently is her chronic fear of tying a controlled British economy, which has overseas commitments, too closely to Europe. With this, there is unquestionably Britain's reluctant realization that the continental union would dominate Europe. But Britain has reservations, not opposition.

Neither does the German Socialist Schumacher oppose the plan. He said "we cannot say yes or no until we have seen the picture within the frame." He is apparently concerned that a pooling of industry would perpetuate the present labor-management relationship, something a Socialist can hardly be enthusiastic about. His remark that "if there is any hope for the plan, it lies in negotiations not just between capitalistic owners on both sides, but trade union officials also" is too important to be laid to rest on page eight of the *Herald Tribune*.

It is revealing that the only Western objections to the French proposal are economic objections. Politically, the plan has quite literally been dynamite applied to the logjam in Western Europe.

The extremely serious impasse among a defensive France, an eager Bonn, and the paradoxically conservative British government has been broken, and all up the river the logs are beginning to move again. The economic difficulties are seen small indeed against the political

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success of the idea. Europe is once again acting for herself, and she has taken from the United States leadership in the one question in which United States leadership is next to meaningless: European unification.

Somebody Bothered

CALIFORNIA's own Senate Committee on Un-American Activities operates, on occasion, like a road show version of the original production in Washington. When the Committee moved its meetings one day recently from Sacramento to a spot near the University of California's Berkeley campus, the affair it staged had a familiar and newsworthy plot: the Committee subpoenaed a woman, an ex-Communist, who told all, this time to the effect that from pictures she has since seen of atomic physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer, she now remembers having seen him at a pro-Communist meeting in Berkeley a few years ago.

Dr. Oppenheimer handled his own defense well, saying simply that his politics had, it is true, been leftish but that he had not attended Communist meetings, had never been a Communist, had not supported Communism, and that the Government had known all about this for years. One member of the California Committee replied, in a hurt voice, that Oppenheimer had not answered the charge properly: "The proper course," he said, "is not by a roundabout denial in the public press."

At this point, the editors of the San Francisco *Chronicle* had about all they could take. After citing evidence that although "the Committee was fully equipped with counsel, nobody bothered to test" certain statements of the witness for accuracy, the *Chronicle* asked:

> Since when, in a free society, can't a man publicly accused make a public denial if he so elects, instantly and in whatever public medium is available? . . . For our part, we confess, of course, to an involuntary hand in spreading this venomous gossip. We carried the testimony, as did the other newspapers and information media, because it was news, and we are not in the news censorship business. The public must accept its own responsibility to assess the run of the day's happenings and operate the democracy according to its findings. . . . We have tried to provide, at least, some editorial background to offset the failures [at the source of the news], but even this will not be done for the great majority of people who hear or read the Oppenheimer story.

For Robert Oppenheimer, who suddenly found himself beaned by a wild pitch, there must be some satisfaction at least in the knowledge that there are still newspaper editors around who care enough about the victim to pick him up. When a free society has to rid itself of subversion, as we are doing, now, it can do no more than to rely on and hope for the responsible judgment of its press and people, lest they literally tear themselves apart, destroying in fury and suspicion their self-respect and the foundations of their freedom.

More Water

FLOODS and dustbowls in the newsreels, wells going dry in Southern California, planes seeding clouds on the Eastern seaboard and local water ordinances all indicate that the nation's water supply is being dissipated. It is hardly surprising. Even a gallon of gasoline requires ten gallons of water for its production. A barrel of beer, a pound of rayon and a ton of highly finished steel utilize 300, 1,000 and 65,000 gallons of water respectively. Among major new water consumers are synthetic rubber and aluminum plants, not to mention air conditioning—of factories, restaurants and places of amusement.

Writing about all this in the *Saturday Evening Post,* Hugh Hammond Bennett, chief of the Soil Conservation Service, laments our public apathy and the lack of a national water policy. His solution is anything but a series of bathless days the nation over. Rather it is an over-all program of conservation, storage, purification and distribution which will safeguard and expand the supply of this dwindling natural resource.

The Bureau of Reclamation has also come out tentatively for a scheme of piping the equivalent of a second Colorado River from Washington, Oregon and Northern California to the parched Southwest. Yet this immense volume would represent but a twentieth of the water that flows into the ocean from the Columbia River and other northwest streams.

While plans of this sort have spectacular possibilities, the basic work of American water conservation and distribution is comparatively small in scope. It begins with the individual farmer. Improving the structure of the soil so that it will retain moisture, terracing hilly fields, growing cover crops on eroded gullies, building small ponds and small-scale reforestation are the essential steps. A big part of the job is simply to restore our natural watersheds.

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The Martinet of Parliaments

Can the British people afford the luxury of 600 MP's engaged full-time in politics?

By ANDREW BOYLE

THERE are some strange happenings in England just now, not only on the surface of public life but deep in the vitals. To the American onlooker it may seem odd, for instance, that the 10th Duke of Marlborough should have to throw open Blenheim Castle, his stately home, to casual visitors at half-a-crown a head. So low have slumped the fortunes of the once-omnipotent aristocracy that only by converting their stately homes into museums can they afford to dwell in them. A sign of the times perhaps? Undoubtedly. And the British newspaper reader dismisses it with an indifferent shrug. He is a taxpayer, too; and if the austere Sir Stafford Cripps has taught him anything, he has taught him that the welfare state, crushing defense expenditures, and a huge dollar deficit are not consistent with such an old-fashioned mode of living.

In any case the times are too hard and uncertain to spare more than a passing nod for the misfits who fall by the wayside. So, silently and bloodlessly, another victim of revolution is discarded. There are no flowers, no official mourners. This surface happening strikes the casual critic as not in the least strange. He isolates it completely from the past because newspapers deal only with the present. And the day on which Blenheim Castle was turned by its reluctant but needy owner into a popular haunt for the sightseer may be remembered only because it coincided with Cambridge University's fourth boat-race victory over Oxford in the postwar epoch.

Of course, Mr. Churchill's noble relative is only the latest member of England's "landed gentry" to bow to the inevitable. He is imitating, not setting, a fashion. But his decision is highly interesting for another and altogether accidental reason. The Duke of Marlborough has yielded to the pressure of economics at a moment when Members of the "Mother of Parliaments"—who are virtually the instruments of that pressure—have begun to feel the pinch themselves. Indeed the situation at Westminster in these months of stalemate after the indecisive February election has become so burdensome for individual MP's that a mood of dark despondency reigns in the lobbies and even trespasses into the debating chamber.

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BECAUSE the Labor Government is ruling on a tight rope, with a slender over-all majority of four votes, every Labor MP is now forced to spend nearly every minute of his day in the House of Commons; and because the Conservative Opposition must maintain its constant vigil, awaiting the strategic moment to turn Mr. Attlee and his supporters out of office, every Tory MP has been whipped in to do the same dull thing. Small wonder then that the average MP is suffering, at least as acutely as the Duke of Marlborough, from financial neurosis. Small wonder too that so dispassionate a person as Christopher Hollis, the distinguished Conservative "backbench" MP (who as Catholic, publisher and author, stands out as a politician with no particular axe to grind) let himself go recently on this strange problem.

"We are told that there must be incentives," he said "and Members of Parliament clearly need incentives as much as coal miners or anybody else. . . . It is not yet possible to know how things will work themselves out, but, if we wish Parliament to survive, it is clearly important to consider whether the new situation is at all likely to provide a career which will make it attractive for people to go into, or to stay in, Parliament. For it is in doubt."

Now Mr. Hollis, as I have suggested, is not a scaremonger. He is not normally good copy for the sensational press, with its flat and often cynical presentation of events big and small. But he is a competent student of the past, and on that account this odd reflection of his is more than a sensation. It is revolutionary in the almost literal sense that it predicts a possible revolution far more serious than the personal one which has

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overtaken the Duke of Marlborough. The 600 men and women responsible for carrying on the democratic administration of Britain's affairs are being taxed out of existence by those very responsibilities. MP's, like Congressmen, must eat. They may have wives and families to support. They usually have other jobs to eke out their modest parliamentary salaries of £1,000 ($3,000) a year. And now they have no option but to forget meals, wives, families, and outside means of livelihood in order to devote themselves entirely to the endless treadmill of Westminster.

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WITH one eye cocked on the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Hollis recalls that "in the aristocratic past, these 600 MP's were largely recruited from people to whom a seat in Parliament was a family tradition. . . . They felt, rightly enough, that by coming they were keeping out less worthy people who would degrade the high standards of public life. Their membership indeed carried with it certain amenities and compensations. The House of Commons in those days was said—whether truly or not—to be the best club in Europe. Membership of it gave a ringside seat. . . ."

But the 600 MP's of 1950 have neither time nor money enough to bother their heads about personal prestige and their part in the shaping of great events. Political power is within the reach of only a handful of them. In any case the under-secretaryships which are the stepping stones to political power offer very small financial rewards. Even the esteem in which MP's are held outside the precincts of Westminster has now been forfeited, since the House is in almost continuous session. On top of all this, it is truer today than ever it was that the ordinary MP is regarded by his Party merely as good "voting fodder." His value to the people he represents and to the nation as a whole lies, not in his capacity for courageous and honest judgments on grave issues domestic and foreign, but in his dog-like docility as a member of the party flock that is led firmly into the division lobbies to say "yes" when the time comes to vote.

That is why MP's may go on strike. That is why, if the present political deadlock endures, the party discipline essential to the efficient running of parliamentary government in these days of cat-and-mouse politics stands an even chance of being crushed and broken forever. It is a cruel irony that the new, martinet-like ways of the venerable "Mother of Parliaments" should appear to threaten the continuity of the British mode of life. What Communism could not do, the combination of British voters, necessarily rigid party discipline and unusually widespread pecuniary embarrassment among MP's has managed to do in three brief months: namely sow a troubled kind of disaffection among the watchdogs of the national liberties at Westminster.

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IN LONDON there is little concern—except among MP's—since there is only a dim awareness of the problem and its implications. And it is traditionally true of the British that part of their strength lies in the ready improvizations they can devise to meet spur-of-the-moment crises. If a price-tag is to be stuck to the patriotism of MP's, who must keep body and soul together so as to begin to feel patriotic, then the sensible course is to raise the salaries of the hard-driven men and women at Westminster. Yet it is not so simple as that, for the strain is not for the time being so acute as that. Until MP's are forced by circumstances to choose between higher salaries or quitting public life, the present delicious uncertainty—with all its undertones of constitutional *malaise*—will continue.

Meanwhile, the staggering questions of the hour afford little leisure for weighing the pros and cons. The building of a real European community, on enduring political and economic foundations, cannot be delayed. The place which Western Germany should take in this new extension of Western democratic enterprise has to be decided just as quickly. The Marshall Plan has passed the half-way mark, the delicate but superhuman task of restoring the trade balance of the still-free world is nowhere near completion, and the non-stop Communist offensive to conquer that world by every stratagem of the Cold War continues.

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CAN British MP's really afford the luxury of "going slow" in momentous days like these? On the other hand, can the British people afford the luxury of 600 MP's engaged full-time in politics? For the unemotional Christopher Hollis, who knows the British character well, affirms that "a man who is a politician all the time is a danger to society."

Nobody can tell how long Mr. Attlee and his colleagues will remain in charge of Britain's destinies. Nobody, therefore, can tell at what point, or if at all, the patience of individual MP's will snap. It is just as hazardous to guess whether the private financial burdens they now carry will deter others—unless they are intent on a life of disinterested public service—from coming forward as candidates at future General Elections.

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Forced Labor in Belgium

DP's who volunteered to mine coal for Belgium are now forgotten men.

By BORIS GOUREVITCH

MR. GOUREVITCH, Vice-President of the Union for the Protection of the Human Person, presented THE COMMONWEAL *with the documentation which follows. We forwarded the material to the Belgian Government, which replied to the charges as indicated in the article.*
THE EDITORS.

IN 1947, when the coal output in Belgium had to be raised, Mr. Van Acker, then a member of the Belgian Government and head of the Ministry of Mining, called for volunteers among the Displaced Persons, victims of Nazi and Communist persecution, who were waiting in German camps for their overseas resettlement through the International Refugee Organization (IRO). Van Acker proposed that the volunteers work in the Belgian coal mines for two years. At the end of this period the workers understood that they would have the right of residence and free choice of work in Belgium. They would not lose their right of overseas emigration through the help of the IRO.

Several thousand men accepted this offer and settled in Belgium with their families.

At the end of two years, when the workers wanted to leave the coal mines and obtain the promised work-permit, they were flatly refused permission to work in Belgium outside the coal mines. At the same time they were told they were no longer considered Displaced Persons and that they had therefore lost the right of IRO assistance towards overseas emigration. Their despair, especially those who had small children, can be imagined. Among these DP's were hundreds of highly qualified intellectuals and professional men who had temporarily accepted the hardships of a miner's life in order to settle in a free country as free men.

The first workers to complete their two years' contract fled to Brussels in order to seek, in vain, the protection of the IRO office. They were rounded up by the Belgian police, who imprisoned the men at *Petit Château* and the women at the unsanitary Scarbeck camp and the St. Hubert camp. They were later transferred and confined to the Major Sabbe barracks in Mons. But when a number of new families and single workers continued to come to Mons they were put in the Liège prisons or forcibly sent back to their previous residences in the mining districts. Those who were held in the Liège prisons were separated from their families. In the second half of October, 1949, a number of family men went on a hunger strike in the Major Sabbe barracks. On the eighth day of the strike, a high authority of the Catholic Church visited the barracks, and the treatment given those detained there was somewhat improved. The IRO refused to recognize the group's right to overseas emigration, and the fate of those arrested was to go back to Germany, no longer as persons under the jurisdiction of the IRO, but as forgotten men without a chance for emigration. So the DP volunteers were practically condemned to indefinite work in the Belgian coal mines or to misery and persecution in Germany.

The only just solution to this problem was to restore to these workers the right to emigrate overseas with the help of the IRO or the right to work and reside freely in Belgium. The refugees fulfilled their obligations honorably, and the time had come for the Belgian government and the IRO to do their part. The over-all effect of the policies of the Belgian government and of the IRO was actually to transform these DP's into serfs. This situation should not be tolerated, especially in view of the moral obligations accepted by the members of the United Nations, one of which is Belgium.

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IN ITS reply to these charges, the Belgian authorities declare that the responsibility belongs to IRO and to the British and American authorities. They state that the promise of work-permits after completion of two years of work in the mines was given only to those who might become unfit for work in the mines as a result of illness or accident. Only the authorization of the renewal of their mining contracts had been pledged. The Belgian officials write: "It must be added, objectively, that even though these conditions did not give the right freely to choose other work, on the other hand, neither did they forbid such a change of profession. It is, there-

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fore, possible that, in good faith or because they were badly advised, some DP's may have thought that this change they wanted was to be taken for granted."

The Belgian authorities mention that they made an agreement with the French government to recruit agricultural workers for France among the DP's and that they took steps to obtain for the DP's the legal opportunity to make application for US visas. Some openings for work in agriculture and as domestic personnel also existed.

The DP workers are accused of asking "to be sheltered and fed at public expense, while refusing the employment opportunities that may be offered." The Belgian authorities deny that a prison regime was imposed upon the DP's rounded up by the police. The government stresses that it had no authority to promise the DP's visas to overseas countries. "If this promise was made, it could have come only from the Powers in charge of these camps; namely the British and American Authorities. . . . Finally, when the IRO refuses to help the DP's desirous of emigration, it again is a matter which is beyond the jurisdiction of the Belgian government. . . . Now, from the time when the first DP two-year contracts expired, there have been, without letup, from 200,000 to 250,000 [Belgian citizens] unemployed to be found in almost every profession. . . . Finally, if the parties concerned cannot, as they wish, return to the camps in Germany in order to be able to emigrate, it is solely because of the refusal they have met with on the part of the British and American military authorities."

The government denies that "the treatment of the DP's improved after the hunger strike or the visit of a religious personage. Actually, the treatment received in the Mons center was, from the very beginning, especially favorable."

According to the Belgian officials, the initiative for the recruitment of volunteers for the Belgian coal mines belonged with the British and American occupation authorities in Germany.

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THE answer of the Belgian government is not only unsatisfactory but bears witness to its persistent tendency to treat the temporary DP coal miners as real slave workers.

Any shifting of the responsibility for their desperate situation from the Belgium government to British and American authorities and to the IRO, is unacceptable for a total lack of proof. The British and American authorities had and still have nothing to do with this problem. Belgium is represented in the IRO and, consequently, is responsible for the tragic situation.

The right of free choice of work in Belgium, contrary to the reply from Brussels, had been granted to all DP's who would honorably fulfil their obligations of two years' work in the mines, and not only to those "who might become unfit for work in the mines, as a result of illness or accident." Surely, so many thousand families would not have accepted the opportunity to work in the mines and lost their chance to emigrate, had it not been for this promise of a free choice of work after two years. The regulations requiring a work permit could not be interpreted in the sense that a two-year coal-mine contract was to be used as a trap to force life-long servitude in the mines by depriving the victim of any hope for overseas emigration. The remark that the DP's "can quit the collieries at any time," is a mockery of the suffering of the men who gave their confidence to Belgian authorities.

It is true that Mr. Van Acker could not foresee the prevailing rate of unemployment in Belgium, but I prefer not to believe that paragraph which states that when they hired the DP's for two years' work in the mines the authorities never intended to give them free choice of work after this term. In that case, knowing that the DP's are stateless persons who would have no chance of emigration, the authorities would have had deliberately transformed them into slave workers for life. To hold this is calumny against the Belgian government of 1947. I think rather that the inhumane decisions were improvised later, as a result of Belgian labor-market difficulties.

Trying to prove the government's desire to help the DP's who wish to emigrate to overseas countries, the Belgian reply mentions the agreement with the French government to recruit agricultural workers for France and the steps it took to obtain for the DP's in Belgium the legal opportunity to emigrate to the United States. Temporary work in France is not overseas emigration, and all the DP's before their unfortunate acceptance of the Belgian contracts, possessed not only the legal rights necessary for emigration to the US, but also the full financial help of the IRO for transportation. They were deprived of this financial help, and it is the sacred duty of the Belgian government at least to use its influence inside the IRO to restore to these men the financial help of the IRO for their overseas emigration.

The thousands of DP's who honorably worked for the duration of their contract have the right to consider the government's allegation that they demand "to be sheltered and fed at public expense, while refusing the employment opportunities that may be offered" as an insult. Contrary to the official reply, a prison regime did prevail in *Petit Château* and the Sabbe barracks in Mons until the day when, during the hunger strike of the DP's in Mons, his Eminence, Cardinal Van Roey, Primate of Belgium, visited the imprisoned DP's.

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The IRO deprived the DP's who were "settled" in Belgium of the right to overseas visas and to financial assistance towards transportation because it was assumed that they would have the right of residence and of free work in Belgium.

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THE conscience of humanity cannot permit thousands of innocent families to fall into the abyss between mountains of legal xenophobia and the wall of IRO red tape which prohibits their emigration overseas because they are erroneously considered to be "placed persons," while in reality they are living under a regime of forced work in the coal mines, or held in detention. We live in a time when efforts are being made to humanize international law. Certainly, the tragedy of the DP's in Belgium challenges our sincerity in the matter of human rights.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA

Two Views of Capitalism

THE problem of Latin America, as far as her relations with the United States go, has in my opinion entered upon a critical stage—despite every evidence of a friendship which is unshakable.

Nothing is worse than deceiving oneself with appearances or formulas long since dead. It means very little to have propaganda for Pan Americanism if the word is without substantial content. Therefore men who genuinely desire a sound understanding between the two Americas now perceive the importance and urgency of actually bringing it to pass.

This united Continent is a mighty sum total of manpower, more than three hundred million men, and an imposing economic aggregate. It boasts considerable proficiency in technical matters and machines; it also possesses tremendous reserves of energy, land and raw materials of every sort, including the most vital ones. But the American Continent also represents the possibility of constructing a world in which peace would result from a true democracy founded on the establishment of human rights and the achievement of justice in economic relationships. Such an accomplishment would have more consequence for the other peoples of the world, and would weigh more heavily in the balance of power, than any war machine.

If such an understanding is not achieved and divisive elements continue to flourish, American democracy will have given damaging evidence of its own weakness and there will be grave repercussions for its destiny and its strength.

It is of the greatest importance to analyze the reasons for this disaffection, this failure, as certain true democrats in South America see them. I refer to men who are motivated by Christian or liberal thought and who fear totalitarianism, who desire to arrive at a formula which will harmonize material progress with that which is spiritual and social.

★

FOR North Americans capitalism represents a practical formula which has proved successful: as a nation they have reached the highest level of wealth and as individuals the highest standard of living. For South Americans the capitalistic system represents exactly the opposite.

Here begins, in my opinion, one of the deepest reasons —if not the very deepest reason—for misunderstanding. For North Americans the terms capitalism and democracy are synonymous; at least in the propaganda from US periodicals, cable dispatches, news agencies and movies the two ideas go together. For South Americans the two terms are not only not synonymous, they are antagonistic.

When it is said that the Western Hemisphere represents the cause of Christian civilization, the struggle for human liberty and for democracy, as opposed to totalitarian communism, the intellectuals and the ordinary men in South America understand. But they believe that capitalism specifically represents an economic formula that is basically opposed to democracy and they base this opinion on two sorts of reasons, one theoretical and the other practical.

In the first category they refer to the philosophical and sociological estimate of the capitalistic system in the encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII, Pius XI and Pius XII—to criticism which is quite outspoken. For them the capitalistic system is an economic formula based on profit, national and international monopolies, which played an important part in the nineteenth century in expanding prodigiously the world's productive energies. Yet it gradually brought about a concentration of financial power that in the end destroys for the individual the freedom and sense of property.

That does not mean that the only means of opposing it would be communism. Reasons of a practical sort indicate another fact of decisive importance: For South America capitalism up to now is a formula which has failed, since the great mass of her people is prey to the greatest poverty. For them capitalism is a doctrine and an economic fact that leads to the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few, subjecting nations to international monopolies and resulting in a low standard of living for both industrial workers and rural populations.

The author of "Two Views of Capitalism," will report regularly in this magazine from South America. He is Senator Eduardo Frei Montalva of Chile, leader of Chile's Christian Democratic party and a writer on politics and economics.

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Such a situation necessarily clouds perspectives. Destitution facilitates to an extraordinary degree the spread of communist propaganda. It makes it easy to point out the antagonism between the North American economy, with its imposing prosperity, and the poverty of South America—and to show how the capitalistic system which we are invited to defend as synonymous with democracy means a perpetuation of our poverty.

To this the argument adds that Pan Americanism is not considered to be an effective idea by anyone. It has produced a series of agreements which are inoperative; of more than 120 agreements only one has been ratified. Moreover, exports of raw materials at progressively lower prices in exchange for imports of manufactured goods which tend to increase in price can have only one outcome. The result is not only economic stagnation but increasing inpoverishment for all the peoples of the South. Poor as they are, they are even losing ground.

★

SOME of the nations reply to this communist propaganda by military dictatorships which are a negation of the democratic system and destroy its institutions. In spite of their apparent strength such dictatorships pave the way for communism. Agitators who are accustomed to illegal operations can maintain their activities underground, while the democratic parties which have no such experience or capacity become disorganized and die. If no policy is found to remedy from its foundation the origin of this political process, democracy will disappear in South America. Either militarism will wax stronger through various devices for exercising dictatorship or will no longer be possible because of the growing aggressiveness of the Communist Party.

It will be very difficult for the United States to pose in Europe and the Orient as the champion of democracy if within its own continent democracy has disappeared from all Latin America, which is the most extensive geographically and today contains a majority of the people in the hemisphere.

On this basis it would be interesting to define a policy which gives to democracy a meaning which is not only political but human, and ceases in South America to be an electoral slogan but actually becomes a formula for the life of the community, an idea which is understood and defended by the people.

In order to effect this two elements are essential: the first is to understand the problem of the relations between the two Americas as something spiritual, not merely a tourist or commercial relationship. Secondly, we must reconsider the bases of our economic relations in order to create the practical and imminent possibility that the working masses in South America attain to a better standard of living. It is not only a question of regulating capital, forgetting the human problem; but neither can the human problem be solved without first rectifying the living conditions of the great majority of the people.

EDUARDO FREI.

The Screen

LET US BE GAY

OF ALL types of movies, I suspect comedies are hardest to make. Timing is so important in a comedy, and timing in a movie is difficult to judge. Should there be a silence in the sound track after the joke or funny situation so that the audience can laugh without missing the next line? But what if there is no laugh and the picture has a series of silences that fall with dull thuds and ruin the fast pace so necessary to a well-made comedy? The success of a comedy depends on the director and cutter more than does any other kind of film—that is, of course, if the material at hand is worth making into a movie and the cast has enough appeal and ability to portray the characters and put over the lines. The director has to decide how a scene should be staged and how the actors should conduct themselves.

It may be the stars who draw the moviegoers into theaters, but it is the directors and producers who make those stars; and if these actors cooperate it is they who benefit from good direction. We laugh at their antics and we enjoy their personalities, but it should not be forgotten that it was the directors, producers, cutters, scriptwriters (who supply the jokes, fashion the dialogue and design the situations) and the many other technical workers, and musicians, who really put this movie into shape and made it the hilarious thing you see on the screen.

And of all types of movies, comedies are the most difficult to criticize. Full well the critic realizes that one man's joke is another's pain in the neck. So, much more than with other kinds of film, I find myself relying on my personal preferences in praising comedies. On this week's agenda are two new comedies at which I laughed a great deal. They are both satires and they are good examples of different ways for using the cinema to burlesque the foibles of man.

★

CHAMPAGNE for Caesar" is the kind of a comedy that relies pretty heavily on its wisecracks. Its story and screenplay, written by Hans Jacoby and Fred Brady, kids the radio and television business mercilessly; and most of this razzing (of an entertainment business which is in a pretty low state—wide open to satire) turns up in the dialogue, which sparkles with jokes. Director Richard Whorf comes from the legitimate theatre and most of his movies so far have been more theatrical than cinematic, depending too much on the spoken word. In "Champagne" Whorf still depends on dialogue but he also uses his good cast well, even though these actors would not be able to put over the themes without the sound track that keeps going every minute. Ronald Colman is in excellent style as Beauregard Bottomley, "the last scholar" who reads *everything* and knows *every-*

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thing—everything, that is, except how to make a buck.

This erudite Beauregard, who has a strong distaste for television gets on a quiz show run by Art Linkletter. It is difficult to tell whether Art is burlesquing himself or all radio MC's, but in any case Beauregard views him as the forerunner of intellectual destruction in America. Beauregard answers all questions correctly, but instead of taking his winnings, he returns next week for double or nothing. And the next week he does the same; and the next week, and the next. The Milady Soap Company is delighted, because soap sales zoom. When Beauregard's winnings get up in the big money, Milady's president (Vincent Price) has cause to be worried. Beauregard, holding a grudge against Vincent because he once turned him down for a job, quite frankly admits he intends to run his winnings up to $40 million and then take over the soap empire.

This twist by which a brilliant scholar becomes the man of the hour, the year, the century, through a medium he scorns, is delicious satire. The script-writers had some difficulty in writing themselves out of the plot, but the picture has so much fun in it and so many surprises (one of the best is the introduction of Celeste Holm into the story as the girl hired by Price to find Beauregard's intellectual weakness) that it keeps you in a state of good humor. George Moskov's production is handsome, and Director Whorf times his jokes well. You'll probably find that a few of these jokes don't come off too well, but most of the wit ripples right along. "Champagne for Caesar" might even make the radio and TV moguls give a little more thought to their programs. Right now the quiz biz needs considerable thought.

★

LITTLE did I think when I read Edward Streeter's novel *"Father of the Bride"* that it could possibly be made into such a good movie. The book has a pleasant, homey quality that is due as much to Streeter's vivid sense of satire as to the situations he describes. Writers Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett have written an excellent script from the Streeter book; and Director Vincente Minelli, who has shown before in such semi-realistic movies as "Meet Me In St. Louis" that he knows how to capture the flavor of home-life, has directed this script with lively warmth and with a mixture of comedy and pathos.

The whole thing is done as a flashback, with the father of the bride telling us a few things about weddings. Played to perfection by Spencer Tracy, who wears a startled, injured look, this particular father makes it clear what it means to have an only daughter suddenly announce she is in love. In some of the scenes the father is very important and in some he is the forgotten man, but the reactions in this very funny movie are all the father's—and Tracy has never been more amusing, more touching than as this proud, hurt, befuddled man who is doing what should be done but who is also losing his only daughter.

If this movie errs in any way, it is in the way that so many movies do—being too pretty. Fathers may be able to identify themselves with Tracy, but whose wife is as beautiful as Joan Bennett, or whose daughter is as lovely as Elizabeth Taylor? But perhaps for movie purposes this doesn't matter—because in spite of their good looks, Joan acts like a wife and Elizabeth acts like a daughter who is getting married. Although Pandro S. Berman's production is somewhat fancier than the surroundings of most middle-class weddings, the events and the reactions, the laughter and the heartaches are typical. Forget that all this is grander than life and you'll see yourself as the father of the bride, hoping for the best for your daughter, walking up the aisle, alone with your wife in the empty, confetti-messed house afterward. And because "Father of the Bride" is such a sweet-sad, gay comedy, you'll come away from it like June busting out all over.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

The Liturgical Movement and Social Action

THIS is a part of Father H. A. Reinhold's regular column in the May *Orate Fratres* (Collegeville, Minn.):

> The deepest urge propelling the liturgical movement is a longing for a re-establishment of values in their true order: that first things again be first, and secondary ones should take a place becoming them, instead of cluttering the foreground of the spiritual scenery. This urge is kindred to the one that propels the Catholic social movement which in another field, not unrelated to the corporate worship of the Mystical Body, seeks for true values. Both are apt to administer a certain shock to the complacent, since they are both beset by the temptation to be impatient and imprudent. But in neither field will there be anything achieved unless a certain risk is taken. If we in the liturgical camp wish that all who are engaged in the field of Catholic social action should not belittle our own movement, we ought to be willing to reciprocate.
>
> There were days when the liturgy, even among its admirers, was loved for its "medieval splendor," and the principal urge was nostalgia and escape to the golden age of faith. Wrong conclusions were drawn: because the Pontifical contains a rite for the anointing of a king and queen, some people said that a monarchy is the only Christian system of government, especially as there is no equivalent ceremony for presidents or parliaments of republics—just as there is a "knighting" of warriors, but no blessing

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for union leaders. The hieratic structure of the liturgical "personnel" with their insignia of mitres, thrones, staffs, chasubles, tunics, three and two ducts of incense, genuflections and different angles of inclinations, seemed to these conclusion-makers an indication that a well-ordered Christian society ought to reflect the gradations of Church dignitaries in the secular field. This was all the more the case in the days of confusion between the corporative state and the call of Pope Pius XI for vocational groups. It is obvious that there is nothing eternal about the "sacre du roi"—except that all true authority stems from God and that in an age of kings this found beautiful expression in a blessing—and that this ceremony, late to appear and early to go, could at most serve as a model for a "sacramentalization" of modern institutions, without even borrowing one word from the old texts.

The liturgical movement is forward-looking and tries to enable the man and woman of 1950 and thereafter, changed as they are and, yet, equal as they remain, to use the unchanging but not rigid mysteries of Christ. Some of its proponents call for more vernacular, not because they love change, or because until the the eighth century (and in the East much later) vernacular once was used, but because to them a dead language, no longer a part of their cultural heritage, seems to be an insurmountable barrier; and the quoting of decrees made for different ages and for reasons that are now history, old if not ancient, does not impress them. If this is accompanied by "wonderment" of the poorly taught, it is also accompanied by the sighs of relief and the fervent prayers of those who wish to be better taught.

Science and Religion

THE current *Blackfriars* (St. Giles, Oxford, England) publishes a series of lectures that were given at Oxford during the 1950 Unity Octave. One was "The Substitution of Science for Religion," by F. Sherwood Taylor, who is Curator of the Museum of the History of Science at Oxford, and is, according to *Blackfriars,* "perhaps the most widely read Catholic scientist of today." This is an excerpt:

> The man of today believes in evolution as the key to the understanding of the past. He can easily credit a single act of creation resulting in something in which was contained the potency of every being, but he thinks the notion of successive acts of creation, as apparently indicated in Genesis, to be an archaic survival. We are not called upon to accept the literal view, nor to suppose that Genesis, in the mind of the Church, inculcates any particular cosmogony or 'scientific' truths. We are to believe in the separate creation of man and of woman, and of the human soul by God, as being revealed truths, but we may suppose much of the account of the way the world came into being to be metaphorical and symbolic. It is even possible to hold that there may have been several heads of the human race and to interpret 'Adam' and 'Eve' as general terms. Such a scheme does not conflict with science, though it could not have emerged from the data of science alone. Those views are certainly tenable, but unfortunately they are not openly adopted by those who preach and teach. The whole idea of Evolution is, indeed, treated with disfavor by some Catholics, and the Catholic population as a whole is certainly in doubt concerning what is to be believed on these matters. We badly need a new commentary on Genesis, and a frank approach to the question of Evolution, an acknowledgment that it is the most probable, though not proven, account of the origin of living organisms, and a clear statement of its relation to the Catholic faith.
>
> I believe that this would remove some obstacles that hinder twentieth-century men from entering the Catholic Church, and I do not think it need lead to the process of minimizing which has proved so destructive to Christian doctrine in some other churches. Its effect, I would hope, would be to allow the scientific world-view to be more fully taken up into the Catholic. Such an attitude would also make science a much more attractive pursuit for Catholics, and lead to a much-needed increase in the number of Catholic scientists.
>
> These are today lamentably few and regrettably inarticulate. I am sure that one of the best arguments for the Faith that can be presented to the perplexed believer in science is a good scientist who holds that faith: so that to the query, 'How can people believe all this?', we may make the reply, 'Well, Sir So-and-so So-and-so understands all your difficulties and still believes.' We shall not, however, much increase our Catholic scientists till we alter our attitude to science, especially in the school and seminary.
>
> The progress of science does not slacken for an instant. Biology, in particular, is coming far nearer to a demonstration of the essential mechanisms of life, and physiology to the formulation of theories as to the action of the human brain. There will undoubtedly be new difficulties arising from these questions and we need to be equipped to meet them. Let us hope we shall be able to say to new theories, 'If this is true it fits into Catholic doctrine in such and such a way,' and not merely to say, 'this is only a theory and I don't believe it.'

Correction

A STATEMENT about "The Right of Joint Decisions" published May 12 in this column was incorrectly identified as part of an address by Bishop Francis J. Haas of Grand Rapids.

The quotation was actually from a statement by Bishop Aloisius Muench. We regret the erroneous identification. THE EDITORS.

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"Maritain Was Wrong!"

By GABRIEL FALLON

A FEW weeks ago, for the fourth time in its forty-six years of exciting history, Ireland's diminutive national theatre was the scene of a public demonstration. The occasion was furnished by the first production of the work of a new playwright—"Design for a Headstone," by Seumas Byrne. Dramaturgically, the play is one of great promise; it is possible that the Abbey Theatre of Synge and Yeats and Lady Gregory may have found a successor—a much more intellectual successor—to Sean O'Casey. At least one figure in the play, the character of an habitual jail-bird, is as rich as any in O'Casey's work.

The scene is laid in prison; with three exceptions the characters are Irish "politicals," prison officials, and a prison chaplain—Father Maguire. The action concerns a hunger-strike, a jail-break, the shooting of two suspects and a hostage, and the moral issues involved.

Incidentally, all this is part of the stuff of Irish history traversing not only the war of independence but the subsequent civil conflict and the unresolved issues which followed it. Implicitly the dramatist pleads for sympathy and understanding for the idealistic fighters who stepped forth to death very often in the knowledge that they had broken with the one thing that mattered.

Early in Act I, this is made clear in the following scene:

Father Maguire: Ah, O'Leary—you wanted to see me?

Peter O'Leary: I wanted to see you, Father, about your sermon on Sunday last—on secret societies—and about this—(*O'Leary places a printed leaflet on the table*)

Father Maguire: Yes. Well?

O'Leary: (*pointing to leaflet*) The Pastoral Letter of Twenty-two. You have been handing these out to the men—you and the other confessor. Further, you asked them, in the Confessional, if they were members of an illegal organization and if they were prepared to sever their connection—

Father Maguire: Yes, yes. I have. And required them to cease membership of a secret society. As I am bound to do. And in a number of cases I withheld Absolution. Well?

O'Leary: Withheld it in every single case.

Then follows a discussion on the distinction between the "Army" and a secret society. And on the meaning of the term "lawful government." Father Maguire declares that the Government has been elected by the people. O'Leary retorts: "So was the Spanish Government which Franco overturned."

Father Maguire: That election was invalid.

O'Leary: Yet Maritain, the ablest Thomist in Europe, pronounced it a lawful government.

★

IT WAS at this point that the demonstrators began their protest by shouting out "Maritain was wrong!" This was followed by further interruptions. The auditorium lights were put on. Several of the demonstrators left their seats and began to harangue both actors and audience. But the play continued without a break.

Meanwhile Father Maguire and Peter O'Leary were discussing Maritain:

Father Maguire: Let's be sensible men. Do you expect a simple sermon given in a prison chapel to deal with the complexities of moral philosophy? Our Blessed Lord, Himself, said "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." What could be more simple?

O'Leary: Maritain wrote a treatise on the scope of civil authority entitled *The Things That Are Not Caesar's*. What could be more complex? But Christ's simplicity and Maritain's complexity had one thing in common: they both sought to convey the truth!

Speeches like the above were greeted by the demonstrators with charges of "smearing the Catholic priesthood" and of "advocating Marxian ideals."

The scene ends with O'Leary appealing to Father Maguire:

O'Leary: Father! Something must be done. There are some who don't care much; some who don't seem to care at all; but mostly, they are simple men who would be eased by the Confession and Communion which is part of their ordinary lives outside—as much a part of them as home. And there are some who are glad to see the inadequacy of the Catholic Church to meet the situation in which these men are placed. My God! Can you not see that we are literally

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crying out to you. (*He produces a letter*) My mother, Father, she says: "Peter darling; don't forget next Friday is the First Friday. I offer up my Communion for you every single week. . . ." (*He breaks off and walks away emotionally overcome.*)

There were few members of the Abbey audience who did not realize that this was a scene which had been acted many times in Ireland's recent history. But its significance was lost on the demonstrators.

★

THERE is a character in the play, another "political," called "Ructions" McGowan. Ireland knows her "Ructions." He has no time for Father Maguire or for the Church. When he hears that Father Maguire has persuaded the hunger-striking commandant to take food a few days before death, his fury knows no bounds. Needless to remark the demonstrators, falling into the common error of assuming that a character's opinions are the opinions of the author, accused the new playwright of advocating Marxian revolution.

Something of McGowan may be gleaned from the following scene between O'Leary and Father Maguire:

Father Maguire: I have been gentle with this other boy—this foolish lad, McGowan. I may not be with you. His mind is a rubbish heap packed with snippets from the popular press. He has glanced at the outlines of everything and finished up in a maze. But his grievances are just—are real—so real that they choke his mind with anger and terrible indignation . . . so angry that he cannot hear. He cannot hear for he will not listen. He hates us all. Hates us, because we failed him. But he is not indifferent. In that lies his salvation. If we failed him there's something we withheld—something we have to give; if there is something, then, he believes. McGowan's anger will subside. Oh, yes it will—in God's good time; then we can help him to remake his soul. And God's good time may be quite soon—sooner than any of us think—an elemental situation.

O'Leary: You mean—hunger strike?

Father Maguire: It may well be.

O'Leary: And that's all it means to you!

Father Maguire: What more *should* it mean? What is this summum bonum which is not the attainment of God?

O'Leary: If McGowan's mind is a rubbish heap, it is you who neglected to teach him, to build on the vacant lot. You who have starved him, spiritually. The food on which he might have thrived was deemed too strong for his consumption. Truth, you held, was a dangerous thing: it might lead to excess: and since excess was sin, truth must be doled in short measure. . . .

This elicited further protests. But the play went on. McGowan's "elemental situation" was not hunger-strike after all. In the full knowledge that he is going to his doom he takes O'Leary's place on the escape squad and is riddled with machine-gun bullets a few paces from the prison wall.

★

WHEN the final curtain fell the demonstrators were revealed to be members of an organization called the Catholic Theatre and Cinema Patrons Association. This organization has published two booklets entitled: *Red Stars Over Hollywood* and *Hollywood Reds Are On the Run,* in the second of which they launch an entirely unjustified attack on Emmet Lavery. The CCTPA is the offspring of a body calling itself *Maria Duce,* whose main activity appears to be that of changing Article 44 of the Irish Constitution in the light of "error has no rights" and of proving that the Jews are back of most of the evil in the world.

Seumas Byrne's play was seen by about fourteen thousand people, most of whom not only sensed his potentiality as a dramatist, but felt that he was bringing to light problems which lurk at the back of many Irish minds.

The play ran four weeks to packed houses. The press, sensing dangerous controversy, was delightfully noncommittal but gave the protest more than adequate space. The Abbey Directors were polite but firm, and wisely sought police protection for a night or two.

★

LIKE O'Casey, Seumas Byrne mixes the richest of comedy with his tragedy, and his "Jakey" the prison "old-lag" is more than qualified to take his stand with "Fluther Good" and "Joxer Daly." A team of young Abbey actors rose to the new occasion and threw themselves with enthusiasm into the playing of parts which instinctively meant so much of Ireland's history to them.

The play was excellently produced by Ria Mooney. Already the author has received an application for English production and a request for translation into French (this from a teacher of philosophy). Since the demonstration not a word has been heard from the CCTPA. It may be that they are re-reading Maritain. But that, I'd say, is hardly likely.

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Protestant Disabilities in Spain

By FRANCIS E. McMAHON

RICHARD PATTEE, the author of "The Religious Question in Spain" (a pamphlet published by the National Council of Catholic Men, Washington, D. C.) is Consultant on International Relations to the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He attempts here a defense of the policy of the Franco regime in relation to Protestantism. His defense is occasioned by charges launched during the past year that Protestant groups in Spain have been subjected to grave disabilities and even attacks of a violent character.

Mr. Pattee is not only well-known in American Catholic circles. Throughout Latin America and Spain he is known as one of the foremost apologists for the regimes of Franco and of Peron. Christian Democrats of the Hispanic world are accustomed by now to his periodic rushing to the bulwarks whenever the Argentine and Spanish dictatorships are under attack. But they remain shocked at the favorable reception given to his views in the American Catholic milieu.

It is regrettable that the Christian Democrats of Spain cannot write a review of Mr. Pattee's pamphlet. I know many of them who would undoubtedly like to. But the tragic fact is that they are muzzled. Publication of their review under their own name might lead to very serious reprisals. They do not enjoy the esteem or favor that is Mr. Pattee's among the minority in power in Spain.

Let us characterize this pamphlet for what it really is: just one more attempt by the friends of the Franco regime to justify the acts of a dictator. Whether it be the suppression of a free press, the denial of the right of assembly, or the ban on formation of a political opposition party even along authentically Christian Democratic lines, these defenders are never at a loss at concocting specious arguments in defense of what the Franco regime has done.

★

MR. PATTEE concedes that discrimination against Protestants exists in Spain. Protestants must apply for special authorization to open churches. They are forbidden to have public manifestations of their faith. Their children must, if they attend the state schools, submit to Catholic instruction. This educational provision applies only to Protestants of Spanish birth.

One would imagine that in these times no one would dream of justifying these practices, particularly when they concern the rights of parents and the consciences of

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children in relation to religious instruction. But the resources of the Franco apologists are apparently infinite.

Pattee's argument for the *status quo* boils down to this: Spain is overwhelmingly Catholic (99% Catholic, he avers), and the Protestant group numbers approximately only 20,000. The will of the vast majority should prevail.

Disabilities against Catholics, moreover, exist in Sweden and in Switzerland. Therefore why complain only about conditions in Spain?

He attempts to bolster his point by maintaining that it is essential for the preservation of the unity of Spain to keep intact its religious heritage. The heterogeneous character of Spain's culture requires the preservation of the Faith by methods which look undemocratic to the outside world.

None of these arguments can stand analysis.

Millions of the humbler classes in Spain have for a long time been alienated from the Church. The Church has had the support of large numbers of the middle classes and the bulk of the upper classes.

Who were those responsible for the savage attacks made against the Church periodically during the last several decades? They were not Protestants, as Pattee himself affirms. He frankly admits that anti-clerical Spaniards were responsible. There are innumerable Spaniards of this type.

No one can be in Spain for any extended length of time without observing the tremendous gap existing between the established Church and the humble people of the soil and of the city. Whatever the reasons for that gap, it exists. These people may be Catholic in the sense of participating in a cultural heritage, but to affirm that they are devoted and loyal sons of the Church would be to fly in the face of tragic fact.

There is not the least doubt in the minds of many observers, moreover, that under Franco the gap has widened. The workers and toilers of Spain are anti-Franco. Franco enjoys no popular following among the "masses" (as Pattee's other "Christian" dictator, Peron, concededly does). For three years he fought thousands of these people with his professional armies. And since the ending of the civil war, the humble millions of Spain have seen their desperate economic plight grow worse while the minority in power waxed rich.

It was inevitable that the Church would suffer because of its tie-up with a hated regime. As one humble woman in Madrid told me one day: "Churches are not being burned in the open today, but they are burning in the hearts of the people." The situation is so grave that unless measures are effected within the next few years to dissociate the Church from the regime, in all likelihood a terrible price will be exacted.

★

NEVER in modern Spanish history, to be sure, were there more public manifestations of the Faith, more religious societies in action, more religious publications rolling off the presses. These are the statistics often quoted by the apologists. But State-encouraged religiosity is not necessarily genuine religion.

A survey of 4,000 office workers in Barcelona, published in *Fomento Social* of October, 1946, revealed that only 10 percent of this group were practicing Catholics, and 55 percent were completely indifferent as regards the Faith. If this is the situation among some groups of the middle classes, it is much worse among the lower classes.

In the July-September, 1946, issue of the same publication (*Fomento Social* is edited by a courageous Jesuit and does not fear at times to expose the truth) a summary given of reports of religious assessors for 1945 reveals other data about religious practices in various parts of Spain. From Malaga the assessor reported that "The religious aspect is frankly bad, both in the city and in the rural region." Granada reported that "one individual out of every thousand in the rural region attends Mass." The Bishop of Jaén's declarations on the miseries of the rural areas of Andalucia is quoted in part: "There is handed down from fathers to sons an absolute ignorance of God and the most complete illiteracy."

In the light of all this, will Pattee and others continue to write about the "overwhelmingly Catholic" character of the Spain of today? And in the name of an alleged 99 percent Catholic state, will they continue to defend discrimination against even a small minority of dissidents?

The argument about conditions in Sweden and in Switzerland can be disposed of quickly. Those who complain about conditions in Spain should likewise complain about the situation in these other countries. Let me go on record as saying that I do. The position of all three countries is morally indefensible. The only morally sound position consonant with the conditions of the modern world is full religious liberty for all spiritual families. Franco's attempt to turn the clock back several hundred years should be condemned.

Scores of muzzled Basques in the northern part of Spain would undoubtedly like to answer Pattee's argument that the unity of Spain is dependent upon the unity of Faith. In their enforced silence, allow me to say that Franco and his cohorts are in no position to give religious instruction to the Basques, the most Catholic group in the Peninsula. Their Christian Democratic instincts remain sound, however repressed at present by a ruthless power.

The muzzled Basques would tell Pattee that the unity Franco seeks for Spain is of the vicious, un-Christian type that would destroy the last vestige of cultural autonomy. In the last few months the Franco authorities in the Basque country decreed that inscriptions in Basque on tombstones must be removed. The Madrid powers have denied the story. I happen, however, to have a photostatic copy of the order in my possession, issued by the authorities of that region.

It is about time that American Catholics were aroused against the pro-Franco propaganda which has for years flooded their publications. This is not merely an academic issue, nor is it only a matter of simple truth to expose the falsity of claims made by apologists of the Franco regime. What is at stake is the future of religion itself in Spain.

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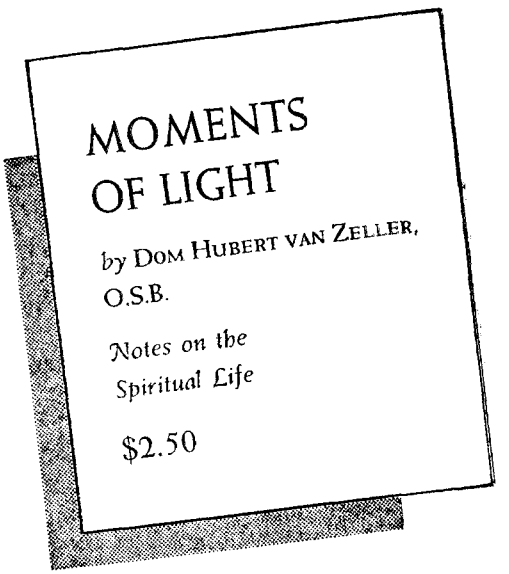
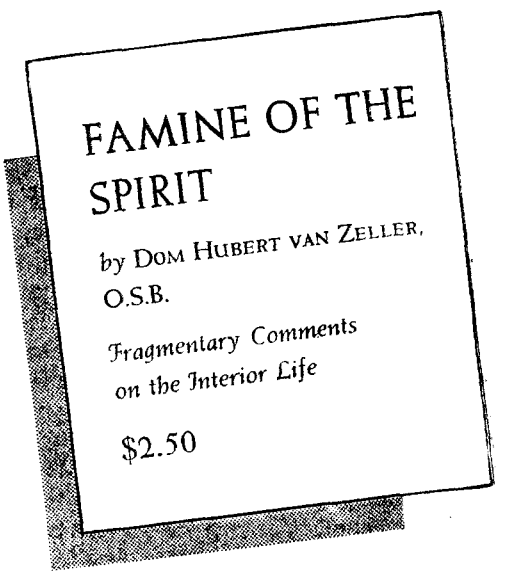
The True Meat...

The quotations following are taken at random from *Moments of Light* and *Famine of the Spirit*, two books by DOM HUBERT VAN ZELLER, monk of Downside Abbey. That these two volumes will quickly assume classic stature in the literature of the spiritual life we have no doubt. The London *Tablet*, reviewing the books jointly (for they are companion volumes), says: "Here is the true meat of traditional teaching on the life of prayer . . . written in contemporary English and not in the jargon sometimes to be encountered in books on the spiritual life . . ." Dom van Zeller draws from such diverse sources as GRAHAM GREENE and ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS, IBSEN and ST. BONAVENTURE, JEAN PAUL SARTRE and ST. CATHERINE OF GENOA, PASCAL and BLESSED HENRY SUSO. The beginner as well as the more advanced along the way will find both books ablaze with insights into the soul of man.





The attachment which we bear towards creatures—whether people, works, places or things—is shown up less when we grasp them than when we have to let them go. (*Famine of the Spirit.*)

Human love, once really centered in its object, refuses to be comatose for long. Like malaria, which people think they have shaken off for good, it comes back again with renewed violence. In the case of the soul who has once loved God and strayed, there will always be the 'twitch of the thread' to remind him that he can come back. But the point is that this is not in the course of nature, it is in the course of grace . . . That men should be more able to turn their backs upon divine than upon human love is the compliment God pays to the freedom of the will. (*Moments of Light.*)

To sleep on a bed for the love of God is a good thing; to sleep on the floor for the love of God is a better thing; the best thing . . . would be not to notice, because of the greater application to the love of God, whether one was sleeping on a bed or on the floor. (*Famine of the Spirit.*)

In the journey of the spirit the traveller moves fastest at night. Not only does he move more quickly but more securely; darkness is his proper element. (*Moments of Light.*)

A man who is wedded to his penances is like a ship's captain who carries his anchor with him when he goes ashore. There are six points to this parable; let him discover them who will. (*Famine of the Spirit.*)

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Books

The Irreverent Mr. Mencken. Edgar Kemler. Little, Brown. $3.50.

I CAME in about ten years too late to know much about the irreverent Mr. Mencken, aside from owning his *American Language,* as a good source of Americanisms, and having read an essay or two, amusing slams at the Puritans or the "booboisie." And I remember some elder and most respectable Puritan's talking about "that man Mencken" with the same outrage with which he talked later about that man in the White House. But the excitement he engendered had passed. I only knew that there was apparently one generation which found him gross and without taste, and another which associated him with a healthy liberation from much time-honored nonsense in American life and writing.

The Irreverent Mr. Mencken tells us a good deal about Mr. Mencken the social phenomenon, but not enough about Mencken the writer. One assumes after reading it that Mencken was not a writer at all but merely a kind of acrobatic journalist. Edgar Kemler was closely associated with his subject when he wrote this book, so the facts are straight. It is tidily written, the material is intelligently ordered, and all the main outlines of Mencken's battles are well drawn, but I got the impression of a faint distaste through it all, sometimes a little scorn. Mencken, he says, was not a responsible citizen. He was a cynic who "had nothing to offer his countrymen except the destruction of their religious and patriotic delusions, including their belief in democracy."

I have heard enough of Mencken's quoted statements, public and private, to believe that the only fundamental freedom he had any concern for was his own freedom to be irresponsible. But that was part of it after all, part of the mission of combating Puritanism which he conceived his life to be devoted to. Reading between Kemler's lines, it seems to me that Mencken was probably as honest with himself as a vigorous rebel and cynic should be. He also had gall enough, if gall it was, and not courage, to fight his battles against censors, Baptists or the government, out in the field where the going was roughest.

If Mencken was irresponsible, cynical, egotistical, savage, and without taste, why nevertheless does Mr. Kemler have to be so sagely disapproving. Have we grown too serious? Can't we take it anymore?

Also when I read such amusing and insulting prose, I want to hear more about it. Who has there been lately who would dare to write about the sovereign and dignified state of Virginia in such terms as these: "Urbanity, *politesse,* chivalry? Go to! It was in Virginia that they invented the device of searching for contraband whiskey in women's underwear. . . ."

This biography suggests that there was more to Mencken than his anti-democratic tendencies, but its main emphasis is on disapproving them. Unless Mencken was an out and out fascist who should now be in jail or in an insane asylum with Ezra Pound (a possibility which Kemler brings up) is our democracy not flexible and free enough to include him and even to draw some benefit from his rebelliousness?

JOHN HAY.

A Summer In Italy. Sean O'Faolain. Devin-Adair. $3.50.

A SUMMER IN ITALY is a finely finished exercise in autobiography, containing not only witty and earnest dialogues on ecclesiastical history, medieval art, and modern politics, but also some very perceptive insights into the Italian character. The book, no doubt, according to a preposterous logic of classification, will be described as a travel book. It is nothing of the sort. A travel book when successful ceases to be a travel book. The alchemy of the spirit transforms places into values and the road traveled remains no longer a geographical designation but becomes a journeying of the spirit.

In this journey, the war is distant, remembered only in the ineffectually dramatic ruins. Were it not for these stumps, one could almost believe that it is the Italy of King Humbert's time, before the advent of Fascism. This is not a Biedermeyer or romantic interpretation of the author. The trip was made in the summer of 1948 and the picture has retained much of that time-mood: not only the tourist-dominated season of the Riviera, the hot and still Roman and Venetian summer, but also the summer in which the Italians sought to forget even more the bombings and the catastrophe; that time after the suffering, the resignation, when the Italians, muttering cryptically "pazienza," bent down once more to build anew.

As a land of cities with such a marked sense of individuality, Italy often leaves the visitor who is accustomed to a centralized interpretation of life with a feeling of insurmountable anarchy. To a sensitive Irishman, however, a feeling for anarchy should not be altogether alien. To one who is artist and Irish, as is Mr. O'Faolain, the current of sympathy can be quite strong. Certainly no countryman of his has so penetrated into the very pith of Florence, Siena, Verona; understood their sounds, their churches, their intangible flavor; talked with and remained undeceived by their people; recognized the frequently theatrical nature of their political sense; and viewed their paintings, cathedrals and towers with such exquisite sensitivity.

On one score alone, a political point, will substantial disagreements arise. Whatever be the merits of the Italian bourgeoisie, it has unified Italy. To constantly bemoan that fact is as futile as was the determination of the Congress of Vienna to ignore the French Revolution.

But this is a picayune point in a work that is throughout so perceptive and so sincerely charming. Mr. O'Faolain has served Italy and himself well.

SERGE HUGHES.

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Simple Speaks His Mind. Langston Hughes. Simon and Schuster. $3.00. *In paper,* $1.00.

A SERIES of brief, anecdotal newspaper columns (they first appeared in the Chicago *Defender,* a Negro paper), the effect of this collection is more polemical than artistic. But it is painless polemics: a strong, sometimes near bitter defense of the Harlem Negro who is hired by a white man to make cranks. What kind of cranks? "Cranks! Just cranks!" What do they crank? "I don't know. I don't crank with them cranks. I just makes 'em. They don't tell colored folks what cranks crank."

The episodes are humorous in a sensitive, dignified way. They do not furnish any deep picture of the meaning of jim-crow living, but time after time they produce in the white reader the sensation of being hit; hit right for the part he unconsciously plays in maintaining a racist social structure.

The pieces are conversations between the educated narrator and his friend, the colored citizen Jess Simple. The latter, in his own way, is probably as much of a caricature as Amos or Andy, but he exists tellingly to express the simple and direct responses of the uneducated man who is black and who lives in Harlem.

Read them for what they are: newspaper columns that are neither art nor truth, but which come close to both—uncomfortably close, for those of us who live near Park Avenue where the ladies walk with dogs but not with Negroes. WILLIAM PFAFF.

Angelic Shepherd: the Life of Pope Pius XII. Jan Olav Smit. Adapted into English by James H. Vanderveldt. Dodd, Mead. $4.50.

The Great Mantle: the Life of Pope Pius X. Katherine Burton. Longmans. $3.00.

THERE is this in common to these biographies: they are far more concerned with plotting out the course of their subjects' lives than they are with evaluating the forces the pontiffs had to face. As a consequence, the effectiveness of both books is much reduced and their portrayals fail to show depth.

Bishop Smit, a canon of St. Peter's with twenty years' residence in Vatican City, had the necessary materials for biography at his disposal. But I cannot contend that he has used them to an eminent degree. His story is well enough told and well enough buttressed with facts. He has gotten together statistics on Vatican charity during—and after— the late war which will be new to most readers. He has quoted at some length from the writings of the present Pope and has provided some personal glimpses. But Pius XII is as often praised as actually described, and it is symptomatic that the praise is fulsome. What thoughtful readers look for in biographies is not given them. Thus Bishop Smit makes no effort to get at the spiritual issues involved in Italian Fascism, nor does he so much as mention the contest with Com-

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munism in post-war Italy. There is much on the pattern of the Pontiff's daily life, but little really on the nature of his problems.

Miss Burton's gifts enable her to paint Pius X in flesh and blood. And she has caught the spirit which moved the man. Had she prepared herself in the knowledge of his times, she might have given us the biography we have been waiting for. With Binchy as a guide, the first phases of the Roman Question might have lived again; with Lecanuet's *Les signes avant-coureurs de la Séparation,* the troubles with France might have rumbled once more; with Schmidlin's third volume of *Papstgeschichte der neuesten Zeit,* Modernism might again have shown its threatening side. Yet not one of these studies finds place in her bibliography. And the figure of the tenth Pius suffers accordingly.

I do not mean to make light of the work of Bishop Smit and of Miss Burton. What they have done reflects diligent work and not a little skill. Their biographies are better than the predecessors in English. But they are also something of a disappointment to one who has read Binchy's *Church and State in Fascist Italy* and knows what can be had when a seasoned scholar is let loose upon his sources. HENRY G. J. BECK.

The Assyrian and Other Stories. William Saroyan. Harcourt Brace. $3.50.

SAROYAN can write like a breeze. A spring breeze that is. You don't expect to find a spring breeze very well organized or very sound. By definition it is light and unpredictable.

In *The Assyrian and Other Stories* Saroyan is writing as nicely as ever, but something has gone wrong. The mixture is not as before. The spring breeze has lost its faith in spring and is moaning about winter and death and disillusion. Except that Saroyan would not admit that he is moaning. He is trying to play it like a cross between an Englishman understating through a stiff upper lip and the same old gay American telling funny stories—dirty in a harmless sort of way—around the deathbed of a friend. The whole thing, as you can imagine, is fascinating but painful.

And yet there is enough that is good in it to make you wish it were better. Many of the stories are in the old Saroyan pattern. The big, ambitious one is "The Assyrian," which really means "The Armenian," which really means "The Saroyan," and it is not in the old pattern at all.

What it is, is an effective description of a lost soul, the soul of a writer who made a career out of youth and joy and wonder, the soul of a writer who is no longer young, no longer filled with joy and wonder, but with thoughts of death and despair. The Assyrian has nothing but contempt for "the Jesus-huggers." He believes that "the world is a meaningless accident or blessing, depending on a man's health, nearness to ugliness, pain or death; or his nearness to grace, love or luck."

JOHN C. CORT.

The Third Man. Graham Greene. Viking. $2.00.

IN the very first sentence of his foreword Mr. Greene offers the explanation that *The Third Man* "was never written to be read but only to be seen." This is quite an accurate statement, and there could have been no reason for publishing it other than that it admits the movie-goer into Mr. Greene's workroom. For, as the author further explains, it is to him "almost impossible to write a film play without first writing a story." So this is the original script he wrote for the very successful screen play before he and Mr. Carol Reed got together to whip it into shape. In its book form, it is disappointing, and will add nothing to the reputation of the author. Its chief fault is its lack of the build-up of character which legitimate fiction demands. The soul of a movie is movement, and in this book form, much seems irrelevant. JOHN COURNOS.

Dom Columba Marmion. Raymund Thibaut. Herder. $5.00.

Union With God. Abbot Marmion, O.S.B. Herder. $3.50.

THE first of these is a detailed biography of the author of *Christ the Life of the Soul,* an Irish secular priest who became a Benedictine in Belgium and long served as Abbot of Maredsous. It is filled with actual quotations from this remarkable spiritual writer who, it is hinted, had a marked Irish sense of fun. The second, and smaller volume, comprises excerpts from his letters. In nearly every instance here Dom Marmion is discussing the personal spiritual problem of some monk or Sister or layman, but Dom Thibaut, who edited this second volume also, has put it together so well that it serves as an inspiring short treatise on the spiritual life. It is remarkable how much of Dom Marmion's basic teachings on the true path to spirituality comes through.

• REVIEWERS •

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